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THE MONK OF THE GROTTO.

(Continued from page 277.)

EUGENIO, when he appeared before his uncle, experienced the same embarrassment he had felt the evening before; but encouraged by an affectionate embrace, he seated himself near him, and answered the questions the Cardinal put to him with the more animation, as his father was the subject of them. The Cardinal would never have been wearied in hearing him speak of his unfortunate brother; and Eugenio took a melancholy pleasure in repeating those details, which retraced to his memory the virtues of the Count, as well as the tenderness and parental kindness with which he had ever treated him.

"If cruel Death had not snatched him from me," added Eugenio, with a timid air, "I should, ere this, have been the husband of a lovely and virtuous maiden, to whom, from my earliest youth, he had destined me.—Doubtless you have heard of Virginia Spanozzi?—But it is impossible, my dearest uncle, you can have formed a just idea of her celestial soul, the sweetness of her disposition, the endowments of her mind, and the superior qualities which distinguish her.—Her beauty," he continued, animated by the theme, "her beauty, her modest and bewitching graces, may command admiration, excite enthusiasm, or give birth

to love;—but those passions have their origin, their crisis, and their developement—they consequently cannot be compared to the sentiment with which Virginia has inspired me—I loved her before I knew myself; I loved her—when anticipating the pleasures of existence, I considered her as the sweet companion who was to walk with me in the path of life. The charm with which her presence intoxicated my soul, may be compared to the dawn of a bright day unobscured by the least cloud.—Ah my uncle!" exclaimed Eugenio, violently clasping the hands of the Cardinal, "it is on you alone my future happiness must now depend. Deign to promise me that you will renew, with all your interest, your solicitations to the Pope, to procure that situation which, I am told, he is disposed to obtain for me; and I have the promise of my mother that I shall then become the husband of Virginia."

The Cardinal, surprised at the vehemence of the youth, and moved by the pure and unsophisticated sensbility which animated the artless recital he had made of his passion, but at the same time unwilling to destroy the plan which his sister-in-law had traced out to him, preserved a profound silence, and seemed to meditate what answer he should make. Eugenio fixed his eyes upon his uncle, and scarce dared to breathe, for fear any one of the words he was about to pronounce should escape him.

"Doubt not, my dearest nephew," said the Cardinal, after a short interval, "of my attention and solicitude to advance your fortune. But are you sure that the Marquis Spanozzi will be always inclined to bestow Virginia on you?—Has not his marriage with your mother deranged the plans he had formed respecting you?—Is it not the more likely he has done so, particularly as he is on the point of becoming a second time a father? for the Marchioness has informed me of her pregnancy, and you know——"

"To doubt the intention of the Marquis to bestow his daughter Virginia on me," interrupted Eugenio, starting from his chair, and traversing the room with hasty steps, "gracious Heaven! what a prospect have you presented to my imagination!—No! it is impossible.—Besides, I have the promise of my mother.—Ah! if I thought," added he, striking his forehead, "if I thought they were capable of deceiving me——Pardon me, my dear uncle—the bare idea of it distracts my soul!"

Eugenio returned to his chair, nearly bereft of sensation, and his countenance overspread with a deadly paleness.

The Cardinal, moved with compassion at the extreme agitation of his nephew, endeavoured to console him.

"I am afflicted," said he, "that the simple observations on my part, should have driven you to such a state of despair. Calm yourself, and rely on my good offices with your father-in-law. I repeat my promise to exert myself in the advancement of your fortune; and this very evening I mean to present you to his Holiness."

Eugenio, restored to himself by these soothing words, seized his uncle's hand, and pressed it to his lips; then falling at his feet, he assured him of his gratitude with so unaffected an effusion of tenderness, and appeared so elated at the promises he had received, that the Cardinal, really overcome by so amiable an expression of his confidence, determined to combat the aversion the Marchioness had expressed to the union of her son with Virginia, and hastened to write to her the moment Eugenio had quitted him.

"I despair," said he, "of ever being able to obtain from my truly deserving young nephew the sacrifice of his love for Virginia.—I confess also, Madam, that I feel the utmost repugnance to making a mystery of your intentions respecting him. The line of conduct you have traced out for me is too inconsistent with the natural frankness of my character; and I repent that I should have given you my word to effect what I shall nevertheless still attempt, provided it does not engage me to violate the truth. I feel more than any one the extent and force of the obligations of Eugenio towards you; but, in order to induce him to submit to you, it is absolutely necessary I should inform him what it is you require of him. I will then employ all the power my experience affords me, and, I may add, all the power I derive from his confidence in me, in order to obtain from him an entire submission to your will. But, Madam, before you determine to afflict your son, allow me to entreat you to reflect upon the sacrifice you require of him.—Why deprive him of the spouse destined to him from his infancy?—Why compel him to the dreadful alternative of either disobeying you, or of renouncing the happiness of being united to the only woman he loves?

"He has no fortune, you say; and that of Virginia, necessarily diminished by the birth of the children you may have by your new husband, will not suffice to maintain him in that style of independence and splendour to which he is entitled to pretend.—Well then, Madam, I charge myself with the fortune of my nephew; and I formally undertake to procure him the means of uniting himself to his Virginia, without detriment either to his own interests, or those of your children.—I repeat to you, reflect before your plant a dagger in the bosom of your son, and particularly weigh well my propositions. I wait your answer with impatience, &c."

That same evening the Cardinal presented his nephew to the Pope. The distinguished reception with which he was honoured, and the gracious manner in which his Holiness addressed him, afforded to the whole Court the most unequivocal proofs of the high favour enjoyed by the Cardinal Minister.—They surrounded the fortunate Eugenio, were lavish of their praises, and made him a thousand offers of their services. The Count Vizzani, in particular, called him his dear nephew, and desired him to consider his house as his own.

The Count, whose extreme ambition could only be equalled by his pride and self-love, had long conceived a plan, which he flattered himself would conduct him to fortune and honour. Dazzled by the great credit which the Cardinal Caprara enjoyed, he thought if his daughter Rosalia should become the wife of Eugenio, the marriage would procure the House of Vizzani a lustre and consideration, which were the supreme objects of his wishes. He had consulted the Marchioness Spanozzi, his sister, who, delighted with a plan which had such reference to those of her own, hastened to give the Count the necessary instructions to enable him to conduct so difficult an affair with address. They both were sensible that it was only by sacrificing Virginia, they could attain their object. This the Marchioness undertook to accomplish, and left it to her brother to surround Eugenio with all those seductions of a luxurious city, which were best calculated eventually to engage him to renounce the mistress of his heart.

Eugenio, on leaving the Vatican, was in a manner conducted in triumph to Rosalia, by the Count Vizzani.

"Felicitate your cousin, my daughter," said he; "the audience he has just had of the Pope, promises him the most brilliant career; and I doubt not but he will obtain, through the credit of his uncle, the Cardinal Caprara, whatever ought to satisfy the ambition of a man of his birth."

Rosalia smiled on her cousin with that air of kindness, which had so much prepossessed him in her favour the preceding evening. He approached her with eagerness, kissed her hand, and in a short time appeared wholly occupied by his attentions towards her. The Count enchanted with the first success of his scheme, retired to the farther end of the room, where, abandoning himself to a pleasing reverie, he calculated, by anticipation, the increase of credit and favour he should enjoy when his daughter should become the niece of the Cardinal.

"You will be the friend, the companion of my Virginia," said Eugenio, with a low voice and caressing air, to Rosalia, "yes, my charming cousin, you will love her; it is impossible that with so sweet, so expressive a countenance, you should not possess a heart of sensibility, and, if so, it will be impossible for you to resist the imperious attractions of my loved Virginia.

Eugenio spoke with ardour. Rosalia listened to him with tenderness, when a young man, of a handsome figure and genteel address, but whose countenance was grave and melancholy, entered the room. Rosalia turned pale the moment she perceived him, looked towards her father with an expression of timidity, and then cast down her eyes.—The Count, without removing from the place where he was, turned his face aside with an air of disdain, which sufficiently indicated to his daughter his extreme displeasure.

"I see, Sir," said the youth, "that my presence here is disagreeable; but I wish to say a single word to you—and I dare flatter myself you will not refuse to hear it."

He approached the Count, and conversed with him for several minutes in a low tone of voice.

"Never, Sir, believe me," exclaimed the Count, with an accent of fury.

Rosalia, overcome with terror, was ready to faint. Eugenio supported her in his arms, while the stranger receded a few steps, and put his hand to the hilt of his sword; then

suddenly appearing to recollect himself, he looked mournfully at Rosalia, and left the place with precipitation.

Eugenio was surprised at what he had seen, but dared not demand an explanation. The most profound silence had succeeded the exclamation, when the latter, turning towards his daughter, and addressing her in an angry tone of voice.—

"I thought," said he, "that the Marquis Justiniani had returned to Urbino.—I ordered you to inform him that I could not consent to his demand; how then is it that he has this day had the audacity to present himself at my house?"

"I know not, my dear father," replied the trembling Rosalia; "and I dare assure you that, in performance of my perfect submission to your will, I delayed not a moment acquainting the Marquis with what you required I should inform him."

During this explanation, the countenance of the Count resumed its habitual expression. He rose, and approaching Eugenio, addressing him in terms the most affectionate; but Eugenio, incapable of answering him, attended only to Rosalia, and could scarce conceal the concern he felt at observing the paleness which overspread the features of that amiable girl, and the tears which, in spite of her efforts, betrayed the grief with which she appeared penetrated.

In a short time after several persons entered the Count's house, and the *conversazione* having commenced, Eugenio took the opportunity of returning to the Palace of Caprara.

He experienced the most anxious desire to learn whether the Cardinal, who had remained at the Vatican, had had any particular conversation with the Pope concerning him.

"*E un bel ragazzo, ma e troppo giovinetto,*" observed his Holiness when first Eugenio was presented to him; then whispering the Cardinal, he continued to converse with him in a low tone of voice for some minutes.

Eugenio tortured his imagination in endeavouring to guess the sequel of this phrase. He walked hastily up and down his chamber, and flew to the window at the least noise he

heard. At last the Cardinal's carriage entered the court-yard. Eugenio hastened down with precipitation, and appeared before his uncle at the moment when the latter was giving orders to inform his nephew of his arrival.

"Well, my dear uncle," exclaimed the impatient youth, "what have I to fear or hope?"

The Cardinal smiled, and after having conducted Eugenio to his study, he took him by the hand, and desired him to be seated; then contemplating him with all the affection of a parent, he gave him a detailed account of his conversation with the Pope.

"His Holiness, though extremely prepossessed in your favour, observed that you was too young to be appointed to a Government he had demanded on your behalf of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Notwithstanding my earnest entreaties, he would not absolutely promise me that appointment, which is, besides, solicited at Florence by several gentlemen, whose experience, talents, and particularly whose long services give them incontestible rights, to which you can have no pretentions. But rest perfectly satisfied," added the Cardinal, observing the extreme agitation of his nephew; "I have promised to promote your fortune—I again renew the promise, and I give you my word to employ every means in my power to forward your union with Virginia."

"Oh my dear uncle!" exclaimed Eugenio, how have I merited the tender concern you deign to take in my destiny? —Yes, it is to you I shall be indebted for Virginia, and the future happiness of my life; for, without her, never should I enjoy my existence."

The Cardinal then explained to his nephew the different means by which he proposed to accomplish his future fortune and advancement. Their interview continued a considerable time; at last Eugenio quitted his uncle, if not satisfied, at least more tranquil than he was before, and fully assured his uncle would fulfil the promises he had given.

Near two months elapsed without producing any change in the situation of Eugenio. He received by every post letters from Virginia and wrote to her with the same exactitude. He often spoke of her to Rosalia, with whom he every day passed a great portion of his time: he painted to

her his love, his sorrows, and disappointments, and never did he quit the presence of that amiable young lady without feeling his soul relieved from its oppression.

The Count Vizzani continued to shew him every mark of attention and regard; he gave magnificent treats, and invited the most distinguished personages Rome could boast to honour him with their company; but he remarked, with inexpressible pleasure, that Eugenio seemed most happy when he was with Rosalia.

"Courage, my dear sister!" said he to the Marchioness Spanozzi, in one of his letters; "I believe we shall succeed;—you may now venture to strike the great blow—it is impossible your son should escape us."

The Marchioness, more adroit than her brother, was sensible the moment was not so propitious as he imagined. The Cardinal's letter had disturbed her; she had delayed answering it, in order to meditate fully not only as to the means of accomplishing her object, but how she should conceal from him the real motives which influenced her aversion to the marriage of her son with Virginia. She had recourse to the Marquis, raised his imagination, flattered his vanity, extolled the energy of his character, and the courage with which he obeyed its dictates, even in opposition to the natural goodness of his disposition;—at length she obtained from him what she so ardently desired—the fate of Virginia was decided; and she hastened to write to the Cardinal.

"I demand pardon of your Eminence for having so long neglected answering your kind letter; but I was willing to defer, as long as possible, acquainting you with that which, I am sensible, must overwhelm my son with grief.—Alas! I am not the obstacle to his marriage with the interesting Virginia. Penetrated by the sage remarks in the letter of your Eminence, I had abjured the project of separating the two lovers; and I would freely have confirmed my word by consenting to their union, particularly as your Eminence had assured me of your determination to take upon yourself the advancement of Eugenio's fortune: but guess what must have been my surprise, when I informed the Marquis of the alteration in my sentiments, to hear him reply, in terms the most haughty and determined, that his daughter

should never marry Eugenio!—Confounded by so positive a refusal, I urged him, by all the entreaties in my power, to recal the dreadful resolution he had pronounced. He at first appeared inflexible; but, at the end of fifteen days, he so far yielded to my earnest and pressing solicitations, that I obtained thus much of him, and I trust your Eminence will guarantee the conditions.—The Marquis requires that his daughter should not marry till she has arrived at the age of twenty-one years; he will then render an account of the property of her mother, which is very inconsiderable; to supply its deficiency he will add a liberal dowry, provided he has reason to be satisfied with her conduct and submission in the meantime. In the contrary event, she will not only forfeit all pretensions to his generosity, but he threatens her with his eternal malediction. Virginia has been summoned to him to hear his decree;—neither the tears she shed, or the affectionate entreaties she preferred on her knees, were able to shake the resolution of the Marquis; and I have received his orders to communicate it to Eugenio. It is to your Eminence I refer this painful task—it would too much afflict me to write directly to my son. Console him by your friendly advice, and tell him, for his satisfaction, I will watch over his interests, and those of Virginia; and that I will neglect no means of rendering the Marquis more favourable to the gratification of their mutual love.—Finally, I rely upon the sensibility of your Eminence;—it will better paint than I am able, the solicitude of a mother, who implores for her child those tears and tender attentions she would herself require under similar circumstances."

The Cardinal was struck with amazement at the style of this answer, and was at a loss in what manner to communicate it to his nephew. He anticipated its dread effects upon the mind of that ardent and impetuous youth, and for several days avoided being alone with him.

One morning, after having ruminated upon its contents, and considered in what manner he might give a more favourable turn to the letter of the Marchioness, he was interrupted by the arrival of Eugenio, who rushed, without ceremony, into his study: paleness overspread his countenance, his hair was in disorder, his quivering lips refused

utterance to his thoughts, and his whole appearance exhibited the resemblance of a person distracted.

"My uncle!" exclaimed Eugenio, in frantic accents, "my dear uncle, they have amused, deceived, betrayed me!—I will this instant depart.—Is not Virginia mine?—Was she not destined to me from my earliest infancy?—Shall they now tear her from my hopes?—No, no, no," he repeated with ardour, "sooner shall they tear from me my life!"

Overcome by this violent effort of passion, Eugenio's countenance became still paler; he was scarce able to support himself upon the arm his uncle extended to his assistance.

"Dear Eugenio," said the Cardinal, in a tone of voice expressive of his anxiety and tenderness, "moderate your passion, and inform your uncle of the cause of your extreme affliction. I can partly guess it, and for these several days I have dreaded the evil that awaited you, and was revolving in my mind how I might soften its rigour. I cannot, however, comprehend why you are thus driven to despair;—you are not altogether deprived of your Virginia—you have only to regret that the period of your union is retarded."

"Read, dearest uncle! interrupted Eugenio, with a low and trembling voice, "read!" at the same time he drew from his bosom a letter of Virginia's, and presented it to his uncle.

This letter was produced by the same degree of trouble which agitated the soul of Eugenio. Virginia, seized with terror at the menaces of her father, who had sworn to curse her if she married Eugenio before she came of age, imagined she beheld, in so cruel and unexpected a decree, the formal intention of even, at that period, depriving her of the hope of ever possessing her lover.

"My father," added Virginia, "sets no bounds to the sacrifice he requires from my obedience: he has enjoined me, under the same penalty, not to see you until the day when I shall be permitted to give you my hand.—Dear, loved Eugenio, calculate the tediousness of the sad hours I am doomed to pass far from you. Time, who seems to my

sight covered with a veil of sable hue, will urge his slow and tardy flight without affording one consolation to calm the grief of your Virginia.—My father's curse!—Gracious Heaven!—the curse of that father I so honour and respect, is to overwhelm me the instant I consent to see you without his sanctioning the interview!—Eugenio, I am driven to despair;—but, I entreat you, avoid adding to my misery by yielding to the impetuosity of your character. It is by our submission alone we can soften the rigour of the decree pronounced against us. It is the advice of your mother. She has often repeated it to me with tears in her eyes;—she deigns to pity, to console me; but, alas! can I obey her when she exhorts me to wait with patience?"

"I will depart immediately," repeated Eugenio, while his uncle read the concluding lines of Virginia's letter; "yes, I will depart—nothing shall longer keep me from her!"

"Is it thus," replied the Cardinal, with an air of gravity, "is it thus you regard the prayer of Virginia?—Depart, Eugenio—I shall not oppose you;—go, and hear the malediction of a parent pronounced on the head of her you love!"

"Heaven!" exclaimed Eugenio, concealing his face with his hands, "is it possible I can be such a wretch!—Oh my dear uncle!" he added, with tears in his eyes, "direct my inexperience—conduct me throughthe labyrinth in which I am bewildered; but, above all, alleviate my insupportable anxiety with regard to the sufferings of my Virginia!—Words cannot express the tortures I feel at the idea of those which I know must rend her tender bosom."

"Yes, my son," replied the Cardinal, extremely moved at his situation, "yes, I will allay the sorrows of your Virginia—I will employ my most earnest solicitations to engage the Marquis to retract his resolve. I will do more—I will employ, should it be necessary, the authority of the Pope."

"Guardian angel! father! friend!" exclaimed Eugenio, hurried away by an involuntary emotion of enthusiasm, and falling at the feet of his uncle.

The good Cardinal raised him up, affectionately pressed him to his breast, and insensibly restored calmness and tran-

quillity to his ardent and impetuous soul, by making him sensible of the necessity of submitting to circumstances, even for Virginia's sake, as well as his own."

"Be it my part to act in this affair," added he, "and my first step shall be that of instantly writing to your father-in-law."

Faithful to his promise, the Cardinal, on that same day, sent a letter express to Torre Vecchia, with orders for the messenger to wait the answer of the Marquis, and to return it without delay. He then proceeded to the Vatican, and after a private audience of three hours with the Pope, returned to his Palace, employed several hours in writing, after which he desired Eugenio might attend him in his study.

"I am overjoyed, my dear son," said he, "that I at length have it in some degree in my power to fulfil the promises I have made you. His Holiness, in consequence of my representations to him of the unhappy situation in which you are placed, has consented to entrust you with a mission, which will inevitably conduct you to the path of Fortune. Contrary to custom, he has added you to the legation of Cardinal Doria, my particular friend, who is charged with an important negotiation at the Court of the King of Naples.—Besides the thousand sequins attached to the appointment, his Holiness means to present you with a further sum of three hundred sequins; and, at your return, he has promised to convert the thousand sequins into an annual pension. Cardinal Doria, on his part, will exert all his influence to recommend you to the King of Naples; and I doubt not, through his interest, and that of his Holiness, you will obtain some distinguished employment at the Court of that Prince, which will amply afford you the means of supporting your rank and dignity. No obstacle then can present itself to your marriage with Virginia, if I am, as I hope I shall be, able to persuade the Marquis to consent to it; at all events, it cannot be retarded beyond the period fixed by her father. Thus," added the Cardinal, "the only misfortune Fate can have in store for you, will be that of waiting a few years for the consummation of the happiness you hoped to enjoy sooner. You must set out for Naples within eight days; prepare yourself for your departure.

Write to Virginia, and assure her she possesses a friend in me who will not fail to watch over her interest, and who will neglect no opportunity of securing her future happiness and your own."

Eugenio seized his uncle's hand, and alternately pressed it to his lips and to his bosom. He endeavoured to speak, but the excess of his emotion deprived him of the power. The Cardinal, after having given him a variety of instructions, relative to the station he was on the point of filling, dismissed him, and hastened to the Cardinal Doria, in order to concert with him the necessary means of assuring the fortune of Eugenio.

It was soon known at Rome that the nephew of the Cardinal Minister was to be joined to the legation to Naples. It was, perhaps, the first instance of such an employment having been conferred on a layman. At first, every one expressed his astonishment; but soon the crowd of courtiers at the Palace of Caprara increased, and Eugenio appeared more than ever the most interesting of youths, and was pronounced every way deserving the particular favour of the Pope.

The Count Vizzani suddenly recollected that the air of Naples would be of great benefit to his health. He resolved to visit that city, accompanied by his daughter, and hastened to announce his plan to Eugenio, who appeared charmed at the idea of the amiable Rosalia's being at a place where he had no friend, nor any one to whom he could converse of his dear Virginia.

The express sent by the Cardinal, returned from Torre Vecchia three days previous to the departure of Eugenio for Naples. The answer of the Marquis was positive; he persisted in his resolution, and assured the Cardinal of his perfect resignation to the orders of the Pope; but he added that he could not suppose his Holiness would attempt to ravish from a father that authority which Nature and the laws gave him over his own child. He concluded by briefly repeating what had been already expressed in the letter of the Marchioness, and protested that no consideration whatever should induce him to change his sentiments.

Eugenio, by the same express, received a letter from the

Marquis, which announced to him the birth of a brother; he expressed himself in terms of satisfaction at an event which seemed to have overwhelmed him with joy, but he mentioned not a word respecting Virginia.

"Well, my dear uncle," said Eugenio, "you see this man is inflexible;—but let him tremble if, at the appointed period, he trifles with my feelings, or seeks, by vain pretences, to deprive me of my Virginia. My vengeance shall pursue him to the utmost limits of the world!"

"I can excuse," said the Cardinal, interrupting him, in a tone of severity, "the involuntary gusts of a legitimate passion; but I will never tolerate, either in my nephew, or any one else, expressions and menaces which only indicate a disordered brain, and a disregard of the most sacred duties, productive, generally of the most dangerous errors, and oftentimes even of crimes."

Eugenio, confused at this reproof, cast down his eyes; it was the first time his uncle had addressed any thing like a reproach to him, but he felt the full force of it, and remained silent.—The Cardinal left him to his reflections, and retired to his study, giving orders that no one should be suffered to interrupt him.

That same evening, and the following day, he spoke to Eugenio with his accustomed goodness; but his countenance still preserved that austerity which it had assumed at his nephew's intemperate exclamation with regard to his father-in-law.

At length the moment fixed for his departure to Naples arrived. He had not ventured to pronounce the name of Virginia in his uncle's presence; but just before he entered the carriage that was to convey him to the place of his destination, he knelt to him, and, with tears in his eyes, said—

"Pardon your repentant son!—Deign to bless him, and protect Virginia!"

A smile of benevolence animated the figure of the Cardinal; he embraced Eugenio with tenderness, and promised not to lose sight of his interests for a single moment. Having recommended him to pay the utmost deference to the Cardinal Doria, he conducted him to his carriage, again embraced him, and experienced the most lively emotion when he was obliged to leave him.

The Marchioness learned with transport the high employment Eugenio had obtained; not that she was so much interested in his advancement as she would have the Cardinal believe, but she considered it as a certain means of insuring his absence from Virginia; and, she hope, from the result of it, the entire destruction of a passion which she was now more averse to than ever.

That ambitious and interested woman contemplated the accomplishment of all her wishes in the birth of a son. By so fortunate an event, she was certain of enjoying the immense fortune of the Marquis, in the event of her becoming a widow, but her object went still further: she wished to deprive Virginia of the inheritance she would have been entitled to upon the death of her father, and she determined immediately to set about effecting her intention.

The Marquis had given magnificent entertainments at Torre Vecchia, to celebrate the birth of his son. Proud of having an heir of his own illustrious name, his whole tenderness concentrated in him alone, and he scarce deigned to recollect that he also had a daughter. The sad Virginia, forlorn, neglected, and abandoned to her grief, had no other consolation than the letters of Eugenio;—she perused them over and over again while she directed her solitary steps along the recluse allies of the park, once the scene of her love and happiness. The faithful Laurina was the only being who appeared sensible of her distress; she spoke of her lover, and deplored, with sympathizing affection, the loss she had sustained in her deceased parent;—that worthy woman mingled her tears with those of the lovely and afflicted Virginia; but, alas! neither her tears, nor her sincere attachment could alter the fatal destiny that hovered over her.

In proportion as the infant Spanozzi increased in size, the Marquis and Marchioness lavished their fondness upon him; they indulged him in all those caprices which characterize infancy, and gave orders to the servants in no respect to thwart or contradict him.

Virginia could not without indignation behold the child installed in the apartment to Eugenio, and its parents appearing to have altogether forgot the existence of him, whom

they ought to have considered as the real proprietor of the Castle.

Eugenio, in the meantime, was overwhelmed with honours at Naples; he enjoyed the particular favour of the King, was caressed by the Ladies of the Court, courted by their Lords, and, in short, seemed to pass his life in a continued whirl of delight. Every thing assured him that the career of a brilliant fortune was opened to his ambition.

The Count Vizzani took every opportunity of secretly publishing that his daughter was his destined bride; and the assiduous attention Eugenio paid to the amiable Rosalia, confirmed the rumour. He was incessantly with her, followed her wherever she went, appeared only to take delight in those places where he was sure of meeting with her, and had ever something to communicate to, or learn from her. Whenever he was obliged to quit her, his letters constantly supplied his absence; she answered him with unremitting punctuality, and a confidential servant was charged with the conduct of this mysterious correspondence, which they carefully endeavoured to conceal from the Count. The latter, regularly informed of the proceedings of his daughter, afforded every opportunity to the continuation of that commerce, which seemed the assurance of an attachment, the sole object of his wishes, and he allowed Rosalia all the liberty she desired. At length flattering himself he might impart to Eugenio the happiness he destined for him, he wrote to the Marchioness Spanozzi to solicit her permission.

"Wait, my dear brother," she answered, "wait, I entreat you. Do not by your precipitation destroy the labour of so many years;—the period is fast approaching, but it has not yet arrived. I am better acquainted than you are with the disposition of my son;—if you wish to succeed, do not deviate from the plan I have traced out to you."

The innocent Virginia, unconscious of the storm ready to burst over her head, submitted to the will of her father, and confiding in the promise he had given, calculated, with inexpressible delight, that she had not more than eight months to wait, before her Eugenio would return to confirm her happiness. Hitherto every post had brought her

accounts from him; but suddenly his letters became less frequent without, however, being less tender, and at last he entirely ceased writing to her.

Words cannot express the grief and inquietude of Virginia. To suppose Eugenio unfaithful was impossible; but to contemplate him the prey of sickness, was an insupportable idea;—her heart was ready to burst at the bare apprehension, and her tears flowed in abundance.

"Ah, Madam!" she exclaimed, throwing herself at the feet of the Marchioness, "for pity's sake conceal nothing from me;—what means this dreadful silence?—what has happened to your son?"

The Marchioness consoled and embraced her, and even appeared not wholly free from sorrow.

"I cannot," said she, after reflecting a few minutes, "suppose that Eugenio is ill. It is not eight days since I received a letter from my brother: he informed me that his nephew had accompanied him to a magnificent entertainment, given by the Prince San Severo in honour of the Queen. Eugenio was in full gaiety and spirits, and danced the whole of the evening with his cousin Signora Rosalia."

Virginia, pale, trembling, and scarce able to breathe, appeared to listen to the Marchioness even after she had ceased speaking. A dreadful idea flitted over her bewildered imagination, her heart beat with violence, and her whole frame was agitated.—Eugenio at an entertainment, in full gaiety and spirits, while she was the prey of consuming grief!—The thought was death to her. On a sudden she called to mind the praises he had bestowed upon Rosalia; then quitting the Marchioness, with precipitation she flew to her chamber, and spreading all Eugenio's letters on a table, sought, with bewildered looks, for those in which he had mentioned Rosalia. She read them attentively, and endeavoured to discover expressions which might justify her suspicion that Eugenio was actuated by a more tender sentiment towards his cousin than mere friendship.

A profound reverie succeeded this first, and perhaps too eager transport of the sensibility of Virginia; her eyes, veiled by her tears, slowly surveyed the different objects

that surrounded her, all of which reminded her of Eugenio. There hung the drawings he had made for her; here lay the harp and the lute, on which he accompanied the romances she took delight in singing; at last she fixed her attention on his portrait; it appeared to her as she had formerly beheld him when love animated his countenance; his soft smile, his fine dark eyes, so tender, yet so empassioned, recalled the perfect image of her lover, and made her tremble with affright and despair.

"It is thus," she said to herself, "he, perhaps, at this moment regards the happy Rosalia."

The reflection was too much to bear; she turned aside from the beloved object. Unable to resist tumultuous sensations and sad presentiments that oppressed her heart, and remembering the concern expressed by the Marchioness, and the interest with which she appeared to share in her afflictions, she exclaimed—

"Ah! doubtless I have not been informed of all—she has concealed something from me, which she thought would give me pain. I will this instant hasten to enquire further, Uncertainty is the most dreadful of all miseries."

With slow steps she descended the staircase; she stopped at the door of the parlour; her whole soul was agitated, and a misty darkness seemed to float before her eyes. She summoned sufficient resolution to enter, but the Marchioness was not there. By one of those inexplicable contradictions to which the passions of mortals are subject, Virginia was rejoiced at not finding her—it was the absence of the judge who was to pronounce her doom. Her impatience and anxious curiosity were restrained by the more powerful operation of her fears, and she enjoyed a certain degree of calmness in the ignorance of her destiny.

Virginia approached a window, and breathed the balsamic fragrance of the orange trees, then in full bloom, which the fresh air wafted to her. She revolved in her mind whether she should proceed to her mother-in-law's apartment, or wait for her in the parlour; the apprehension of finding the Marquis with her induced her to adopt the latter alternative.

She had been several minutes endeavouring to recover

her spirits, when her attention was attracted by a paper which the wind had blown from the table.—Supposing it to belong to the Marchioness, she took it up, in order to replace it; but what was her terror and surprise when the first words that struck her sight were—

"Virginia is now erased from the heart of Eugenio;—he loves Rosalia—I am convinced of it!"

She could read no more—she had not strength to reach the chair she had just quitted, but uttering an involuntary scream, fainted on the floor.

The noise she made in falling soon brought Laurina to her assistance; but the attentions and caresses of that faithful servant, though they restored her to life, were unable to withdraw her from the lethargy into which she was plunged. She remained near an hour staring wildly around her, her hands clasped in each other, and her heaving bosom convulsed with despair.

"My daughter! my dear daughter!" exclaimed Laurina. "Ah! what would be the feelings of Eugenio, were he to see you in this situation?"

"Eugenio! Eugenio!" repeated Virginia, in mournful accents, and immediately sunk into a state of apparent insensibility.

She was removed to her chamber, and put to bed, without the slightest effort on her part. A dangerous fever soon declared itself. The Marquis, alarmed, could not conceal the concern he felt; the Marchioness hastened to divert him from so afflicting a spectacle; she remained three hours confined to her chamber with him, and at length succeeded in making him wholly indifferent to the fate of his daughter.

Towards the evening, the fever abated, and the physician declared her out of danger. Laurina remained by the bedside of her young mistress, and passed the whole night watching over her, and endeavouring to console her.

Towards five in the morning, Virginia called to her nurse, and after graetfully thanking her for the friendship and attention she had shewn, desired her to bring her pen and paper. Laurina hastened to obey her, but could not restrain

her concern at the excessive paleness which overspread the countenance of the interesting object of her solicitude.

Virginia appeared calm:—her large blue eyes, which usually beamed with mildness and benignity, expressed the sad emotions of her troubled soul; her auburn hair floated in ringlets over her bosom, and the sweet smile which still played about her pallid lips, imparted to her whole physiognomy such an expression of sorrow, and a heart rent with grief, that Laurina, overcome by her sensibility, could not contain her tears. Virginia desired her not to interrupt her; and in about half an hour she called her, and delivering the two following letters into her hands, requested her to convey them to the Marchioness.

"When ties of so forcible a nature as those which attach your destiny to mine, have once been severed," she wrote to Eugenio, "reproaches are useless—I will make none.—Remorse alone is all I have to leave you—sooner or later it will weigh down your heart, as grief has oppressed mine!—Unfortunate, misguided Eugenio! where will you find one who loves you as Virginia has done?—one, whose soul so perfectly accords with your own?—a companion so necessary to the happiness of your life?—Believe me, Eugenio, the remembrance of Virginia, and the tender scenes that are passed, will be ever present to your imagination. The new object of your attachment will never be able to replace that inexpressible charm which a first love imparts. Let Rosalia, now perhaps so happy, tremble at her fate!—Can she expect fidelity from you, after you have been unfaithful to your Virginia?—No, it is impossible!—Oh Eugenio! you whom I fondly imagined was my only friend, can you have forgot those happy days in which we passed our infancy together?—Can you have forgot those days, in the more advanced period of our lives, when we seemed to exist but for each other?—Can you have forgot—— But what do I say? Ah! if your heart has discarded the remembrance of those scenes—if the sad accents of sorrow which now escape mine, cannot move you, for Heaven's sake answer me not!—It is your love I demand!—Your pity, or your consolation would be insult. If you still love me—if, duped by an unsubstantial illusion, you have imagined yourself actuated by that sentiment towards another with

which I first inspired you, let not shame restrain you from a confession of your error?—With what delight, dearest Eugenio, should I pardon it! But reflect well before you write—let not falsehood sully the letter of Eugenio to Virginia;—allow her to esteem you, though she may be compelled to renounce your heart?—Renounce your heart, Eugenio!—Can I write the detested phrase?—can you read it without emotion?—Let your answer convey happiness, or be silent.—Remember only that the latter event will be an assurance that happiness can never be my lot in this world; and, if such is your determination, receive now the eternal adieu of

"VIRGINIA!"

This letter was enclosed in an unsealed cover, and accompanied with a note addressed to the Marchioness.

"Chance, Madam, has spared you the pain and embarassment which you must necessarily have experienced in disclosing my misfortune to me. The fatal contents of the letter of the Count Vizzani, which accident threw in my way, sufficiently explain that silence and neglect for which I was unable to account. Deign, I entreat you, to forward the enclosed to your son;—it will, perhaps, be the last he will ever receive from one, who will never importune him with her complaints or her regrets.—I am anxious this letter should be sent to him by yourself. I dare not trust it to the post; and I hope you will convey it by the first express you shall send to the Count Vizzani."

While Laurina was executing the orders of her young mistress, Virginia arose, dressed herself in a robe of white muslin, and binding her flowing hair with a black ribbon, proceeded to the park, where she abandoned herself to the gloomy reflections that oppressed her heart. Her tears would have afforded an alleviation to her profound sadness, but her grief was too great to allow her to shed them. She traversed the scenes where Eugenio had so often sworn to love no other than herself. Solitude had never appeared so dreadful to her. It was not that sweet melancholy which was inspired by the pleasing remembrance of past scenes, and imparted its influence to every object around her: regret, jealousy, and despair discomposed the whole order of

nature; and the trouble which overwhelmed her heart seemed to increase in proportion as she contemplated the different spots that had witnessed her former happiness.

Fatigued by her walk, and oppressed by those sensations to which her soul had been hitherto a stranger, Virginia returned to the Castle. To avoid her own gloomy thoughts, and amuse her attention, she went to the apartment of her young brother; but the perfect resemblance of the child's features to those of Eugenio, his innocent lisp and affectionate caresses so moved her tenderness, that, for the first time since the shock her heart had received, she burst into tears. The infant clung to her neck, put its little arms round her, and wept to see her weep. She was pressing it to her bosom, and kissing it, when the Marquis entered: he approached his children, contemplated them with delight, and even addressed himself in tender accents to Virginia.

"Love her," said the little Spanozzi, "tell her not to cry!"

At the same moment he took hold of his father's hand, and drew it towards him. The Marquis embraced his daughter, whose beauteous eye, suffused with tears, sparkled with an emotion of joy at this return of parental affection.

The entrance of the Marchioness put an end to this interesting scene. She turned pale at the sight, and looked at the Marquis with a mixture of surprise and fear; but soon recovering herself, she approached Virginia, made enquiries concerning her health, caressed her, and promised to send an express that same evening with the letter she had written to Eugenio.

A fortnight elapsed without bringing Virginia the answer she expected.

"Alas!" said she to the Marchioness, with a trembling voice, "all my hopes are lost!—Your son, too faithful to the line of conduct I traced out in my letter, informs me, by his fatal silence, that I must renounce the only happiness that could have made me cherish life. Madam," added she, clasping her hands, "deign to pity my sad destiny!—Obtain my father's permission that I may pass the rest of my days in a Convent!—The world is become my aversion.

—I cannot longer remain in a place where every object recals to my mind the ungrateful, the perjured Eugenio!—In the name of Heaven, do not reject my prayer!—Promise me to solicit, this very day, the permission I require of my father."

An exclamation of joy was on the point of escaping the Marchioness, but she recollected herself, and assumed an air of sadness, which the credulous Virginia attributed to her affection and concern.

After having sought to make her change her resolution, the Marchioness, with her usual address, used arguments to confirm it. She then promised to speak to the Marquis; but that promise appeared to Virginia to have resulted from a conviction of its necessity, and not to have been sanctioned by her feelings.

On that same evening, the Marquis announced to his daughter that she might dispose of her future destiny as she thought proper; he appeared extremely agitated, and the Marchioness avoided leaving them together a single instant. She spoke much of the Abbey of San Cipriano, of which her sister was Abbess; commended the isolated situation of that Monastery, its fine air and beautiful gardens, and seemed desirous that Virginia should give it the preference.

"I will conduct you there myself," said she; "I will recommend you to my sister; and I shall be in some measure consoled for the loss of you, by the reflection that I have placed you under her care."

Virginia, who was indifferent with regard to the Monastery to which she retired, provided it was at a distance from Torre Vecchia, willingly consented to make choice of the one the Marchioness had mentioned; and her departure was fixed for the next day.

At seven in the morning, a post-chaise was got ready, by order of the Marchioness. The servants, with grief in their hearts, and tears in their eyes, placed Virginia's trunk behind the carriage; a kind of gloomy consternation reigned throughout the Castle—nought was heard but sighs, murmurs, and regrets. Virginia was the only one who appeared calm and tranquil; her countenance was unusually animated; a degree of self-exultation seemed painted in her

eyes, and expressed in her actions. Previous to her departure she threw herself at her father's feet, and demanded his blessing. The Marquis raised her up with affection, and for some moments pressed her to his breast; a dreadful paleness overspread his countenance, and he seemed ready to faint.

"My daughter! my dear daughter!" said he, "I bless you!—Would to Heaven that——"

"Do not wound the sensibility of your father," said the Marchioness, hurrying Virginia to the carriage.

"Madam," exclaimed the Marquis, "do not forget the promise you have given me."

A gesture of the Marchioness prevented his proceeding with what he was on the point of saying. He returned to the parlour, and threw himself in a chair; but when he heard the noise of the carriage with was conveying his daughter from him, he rose, and rushed with precipitation out of the house.—"Virginia! Virginia!" he repeated, while his sighs nearly interrupted his voice.

Virginia could no longer hear him, and not a single servant was on the spot to stop the chaise; they were all occupied with the good Laurina, who distracted with grief, and refusing every kind of consolation, called incessantly upon the name of her beloved mistress, and exclaimed—

"My God! my God! never shall I behold her more!"

(To be continued in our next.)

FOR THE LADY'S MAGAZINE.

AFRICAN SLAVERY.

WHEN we hear of one, who from the summit of affluence has been hurried into the shades of poverty; of the child who while the smile yet mantled on his cheek, has been driven from the remains of a parent, to seek an asylum with strangers; does not the tear of sympathy flow? And if

the misfortunes of individuals so strongly excite compassion; how infinitely mournful must it be, to reflect on events which involve the happiness of thousands.

We compassionate the captive, shut out from the smiles of society, and pining in the gloom of a dungeon; but seem insensible to the miseries of the *African*, banished from every enjoyment, and groaning beneath the burthen of *slavery*. Habit seems to have unstrung the nerves of sympathy, and we lose the mournfulness of the object in its frequent recurrence.

Menial degradation is in some parts of America carried to the greatest excess. The slave is levelled with the brutes; his judgment prostrated to the will of his master, and his life the precarious tenure of a despot. Sensibility only aggravates his misfortunes. The opening morn views him rising from his humble mattrass. Not a ray of hope even faint as the light which passes through his lattice inspires him for approaching labour. He calls to mind the poignant moments, when torn from the bosom of a wife whom he cherished, and followed by the cries of his offspring; he bade a long—a lasting adieu to all his earthly joys. Fain would he cling to some flattering hopes of recalling those pleasures, which absence has rendered more invaluable.—But alas! no friendly star appears to guide him through the gloom. He looks in vain for the tear of sympathy—Every countenance is cloathed in indifference, and his sorrows are unsoftened, by the magic influence of participation. Frantic with despair; he rises at the well known signal, and hastens to a repetition of his toils. Nor are his griefs confined within the threshold of his hovel. Pursued to the field by the unsparing lash of the superintendant, and there exposed naked to the rays of a torrid sun; his labours which suffer but a momentary respite, end only with the day: and he returns—not to recover at the social board the spirits which fatigue has wasted, and forget in the arms of sleep the sorrows of his lot; but to grind a scanty meal for the morning, which he waters with his tears.—

From sufferings so unnatural and excessive, benevolence would anticipate repose, in the evening of life. But alas! repose he finds only in the arms of death. Arrived to that

period, when the departed vigours of youth, and the trembling sinews of affliction, require a supporting arm; his hard earned pittance is ingratitude; and the woe worn veteran expires in some neglected corner, a prey to want and sorrow. And why this dismal scene? Must individual happiness be bought by the misery of thousands? Humanity would obliterate the unnatural sacrifice, and every impartial mind must acquiesce in the decision.

But there are some, who while they admit the *justice*, dispute the *expediency* of the measure; and call in to their aid the artillery of *prejudice*, and of *interest*.

The prejudices entertained against the African slaves are twofold; one with regard to their *mental capacity*; the other as it respects their *moral disposition*. Both of these are misplaced, and I shall proceed dispassionately to consider the justice with which they are cherished.

Complexion is not an index to the powers of the mind. Although external deformity may retard their progress, it can never obviate their existence. The savage and the citizen possess originally the same faculties. Civilization alone directs them to their proper channel, and limits refinement to society. While roaming his native woodlands, the African is not entirely destitute of those social virtues, which are the harbingers to intellectual improvement. He feels all the force of consanguinity and friendship, and his bosom swells with affections as ardent; with emotions as noble as our own. But when transported to the western shores; shut out from all intercourse but that of misery, and subjected to the lash of a tyrant; he gradually loses that tincture of docility which sprang from mutual intercourse, and the stupor of despair envelopes all his faculties.

That this is the source of that dull incapacity of mind, which is so universally observed in the Africans among us; appears evident, from the superiority of those, whose conditions have been ameliorated over their more degraded brethren. In some parts of the United States, and in the West Indies, where the lash of the overseer is continually inflicting tortures, and where no exercise of will is left to the African, his stupidity is nearly the same, while in other parts, and particularly in the Northern States, where many are emancipated, or treated with comparative mild-

ness; they rapidly assimilate themselves to their fellow men around them. Even amidst all the oppression of the souls, some *little* improvement is visible. The second generation, though they may have heard of, never experienced the sufferings of their fathers. *They* never felt the pang of a *double* separation;* *they* shed no tears of regret, for they own no country but the one they inhabit, and in the gradual expansion of faculty, evince their apparent incapacity, to have been the dowry of *misfortune*, not of *nature*.

Nothing more essentially contributes to demoralize and deprave the mind, than an absolute, and unlimited subjection. *That* principle which revolts at the idea of a base or criminal action, and which is founded in the social intercourse of men, can exist only where refinement has made considerable progress. In a state of things where the only standard of merit is activity and strength; where despotism has closed the channels of information, and confounded the distinction between right and wrong; it can therefore have no existence. And such is the situation of those Africans, on whom our opponents speculate. What then is to deter them from immorality and crime? In those whose spirits are already subdued by slavery, and whose morals have been poisoned by its influence; can we expect to find that nobleness which soars above the pursuits of sensuality; and looks down on the sons of crime? Lost to the *world*—they must lose sight of *themselves*, and despair will frequently urge them to extremities, at which the dispassioned mind would shudder.

To his *own* injustice therefore, may the white man attribute that want of principle, and that mental incapacity in the Africans, for which he condemns and despises them. Had they *never* been slaves, they would still have been happy; and their shores would have presented to the Philanthropist, a field for noble exertion. Were they now emancipated; in process of time when they had shaken off the rust, and worn away the prints of their fetters; the lethargy of the *present* would leave them, and they would rise to the example of surrounding society.

* The first, from their relatives; and the second, from the companions of their misfortune.

Prejudice therefore has mistaken her object, *interest* alone remains to be contested.

Agriculture is the handmaid of commerce. And in a country like ours; whose fertile territories already extensive, are receiving continual accessions, and whose harbours are crouded by the trade of Europe, no small sacrifices may be made to its welfare. But it were *worse* than folly, in a nation whose boast is justice and the rights of man, to erect her own prosperity on the ruins of that of another, and to gratify her own ambition by the sufferings of millions. Rather (would benevolence say;) rather let the sail uninspired by agriculture be furled in the silent harbour, and every luxury be confined to its native limits. But this is far from being necessary. The servitude of the Africans is by no means essential to the interests of agriculture. Resources within ourselves, as various as they are adequate, present themselves to the view. Our youth are numerous, robust and active. Swarms of foreigners are wafted to our shores by every breeze. Urged by a spirit of enterprize and want of employment, they penetrate the western forest, and constrain the wildness of nature. Their efforts by remoteness thus lose much of their energy; their minds become congenial to the rudeness around them, and their talents are lost in obscurity. The powers of industry are thus weakened in too extensive a sphere of exertion, and between *commerce* and *agriculture* that vicinity of operation is lost, which is so essential to their mutual interests. The *Southern Plantations* therefore which at present are the theatres of slavery, present a brighter prospect to industry and promise greater advantages to the nation, than the more remote, and almost impracticable wilderness. The extensive plains of the south, which are now watered with the tears of the oppressed, might be the resort of those whom fortune compelled, or inclination led to cultivate them. In such a disposition of things the social virtues would be better cherished; education shine with a superior lustre; every art and manufacture speed more rapidly to perfection, while the necessity of slavery would be obviated.

Nor does experience refuse to confirm the truth of these assertions. In the *eastern states* where slavery is

scarcely known, the population is greater; the soil more highly cultivated, and education endued with a more liberal patronage, than perhaps in any other part of the union.

The servitude of the Africans is not only unessential to the interests, but fatal to the repose of our country.—Witness the awful clouds which lately gathered in the south, and which threatened to involve us in one common ruin. *Humanity* uninspired by principle struggles beneath the arm of despotism, and instinct shudders at the thought of slavery. And shall Americans who have just emerged into freedom, and are basking in the genial sunshine; forget the miseries they have escaped, and forge chains for others?

Forbid it Heaven! may those whose hands have torn
From native joys the hapless Afric slave,
Think of the wrongs *their* country might have borne,
Her portion fetters, and her soil *their* grave;
And give the suff'rer to his native shore,
Or free his limbs, to bondage doom'd no more.

This infamous slavery so unproductive to the country which it is intended to benefit, and so fatal to the unhappy captive, has involved Africa herself in all the horrors of degeneracy. Take a view of that desolated shore. See in the wars of contending Princes and in the unnatural traffic of their prisoners, the triumph of every baneful principle! Prompted by *avarice* they become the willing agents of their own misfortunes. Whole villages are desolated and their inhabitants sold by those who know not when *themselves* may be the victims. The genius of the Negro wandering on his deserted banks, laments the absent captives—the hoarse wind murmurs through the cranies of the cottage—and the cries of mothers and of children move on the bosom of the blast—

See! in the east a thick'ning cloud arise
With horror pregnant, over half the skies,
The night of slav'ry; doom'd to cover o'er
With gloom portentous, Afric's sea beat shore,
Desponding *Justice* views with hopeless eyes,
The growing terrors of the distant skies,

And speeds to happier climes her lofty way,
When *Britain's* Genius grasp'd a trembling ray
From freedom's shrine, and into Rindlien day
Would chase the gloom. But lost in interest's shades,
The growing light to deeper darkness fades,
Columbia now from Freedom's native skies
In star-like form expands. The horror flies,
And ting'd with yellow hue, the pale grown night
She instant blends with more propitious light,
Till in the lustre of her full spread ray,
The doubtful shadows vanish into day.
'Twas *then* my country! then at Freedom's call,
The freighted Slave ship saw her pendant fall,
Herself a capture with the slaves she bore,
Convey'd in triumph to a happy shore,
Indignant *those* base human traffic stay,
And in the cause of justice led'st the way;
To strains ennobled by thy fame gav'st birth,
A bright example to th' admiring Earth.

A. L. E.

New Rochelle, December 9th, 1801.

A SINGULAR TALE.

WE are about to indulge our readers with a very singular but a very true relation of an affair which happened some years since in one of the French provinces.

A man of fashion paid his addresses to a young lady of beauty, rank, and distinguished merit.

As there was a parity in years, in fortune, and in situation, the lady received her gallant with the customary condescension females seldom withhold from those whom they are taught to pronounce upon an equality with themselves.

The parents of the young lady, however, from whatever motive, disapproved of the match. The gentleman pleaded —but in vain: and finding it impossible to overcome the *aged obstinacy* of the parents, he resolved to solicit his charmer's consent to enter into the holy bands of matrimony, without any farther consultation with the parents, who seemed so resolutely to persist in a denial.

Having fully explained himself on this head, the young lady, after recovering from a confusion which, ever on these occasions, is visible amongst the virgin fair, consented to become his wife; they were wedded, and the marriage kept a profound secret.

It happened, after a few years had elapsed, that the husband was obliged to leave his lovely bride, being called into a foreign country in order to adjust some family affairs, which required his immediate presence. The necessity was no less urgent than disagreeable to both parties; however, they permitted their good sense to operate, and after vowing mutual affection and fidelity, parted in certain expectation of seeing each other, at a time when such an alteration should take place, as might afford them an opportunity of living in a manner every way becoming an happy and virtuous wedded pair.

For some time they corresponded; but the husband being obliged to cross several tempestuous seas, did not receive such frequent answers to his epistles as he had reason to expect. This he attributed to the difference of climate, rendering a regular correspondence altogether impracticable; and as he imagined his letters had miscarried, he resolved for the present to desist from writing; not relishing the idea of having his sentiments canvassed over by indifferent strangers, or perhaps captious enemies.

Another reason which induced him to lay aside for the present all thoughts of continuing an epistolary correspondence, was the prospect he had of shortly returning to France, where the presence of his amiable consort would infinitely exceed all ideal interviews, and make ample amends for every pang his heart had undergone.

It is now time that we should return to the lady.

As she possessed a considerable share of youth and beau-

ty, it was not to be supposed she could long remain without a train of admirers. Her parents, who never dreamt about their daughter's previous marriage, became each day more anxious to select a person whose mental and personal endowments might, in their estimation, render him worthy their favourite daughter's hand and heart.

Several years had now rolled on, without the lady's hearing a syllable of her real husband. At last the fatal news arrived that he was now no more.

The lady was inconsolable, but she found it prudent to stifle her griefs, that she might obliterate the smallest degree of suspicion.

When she had paid every tribute consistent with reflection to the memory of her departed lord, a gentleman was proposed by her parents for her approbation, and the good old people were so prejudiced in favour of the person they had introduced, that they gave their daughter to understand their happiness depended on her compliance.

The young lady, who thought herself entirely at liberty to commit a second trespass upon Hymen, after some little hesitation consented. The nuptials were celebrated; the lady, if not happy, was placid, and serenely content; the parents were delighted; the bride-groom was enraptured; and all were jocund, all were sprightly.

For four years this newly married couple lived in perfect harmony: but at length an intermitting fever seized the lady; the physicians were baffled, and she, to all appearance, paid the debt due to nature. She was buried with pomp, and every reverence shewn to her memory the custom of the country would admit of.

During her last illness, her former husband, whom we left abroad, had returned; and, after making the necessary enquires, was informed of every circumstance we have related above.

As he was unwilling to surprise her whilst she combated with sickness, he had employed a trusty person to make him acquainted with each particular of her case; and the instant the news of her death reached his ears, a frantic wildness seized his soul, and he resolved to receive no manner of sustenance, but to bury himself amongst the mould which

lay lightly on her breast, and thus pine out the short remaining period of his existence.

Full of this resolution, he repaired, the night she was buried, to her tomb, and, after digging up the earth, discovered her coffin, fetched a deep sigh, and was about to stretch his wearied limbs, when, to his consternation, astonishment, and affright, he perceived signs of life. He tore open the coffin, and found it even as he suspected. His wife was almost suffocated: he snatched her up in his arms, conveyed her to the house of a neighbouring friend, had her put into a warm bed, and in a few weeks she was perfectly restored to life and health.

As she had a real affection for her first husband, she made no scruple of choosing him for her companion; but as the affair soon made a prodigious noise throughout the country, the second husband, who also doated on her to distraction, no sooner was informed of the particulars, than he attempted to force her to live with him; the prior claimant as resolutely persisted in keeping her to himself. In short, a law suit was commenced: the most learned advocates in France were employed: a redundancy of erudition was displayed, and, after being litigated for a considerable length of time, a solemn decision was given in favour of the gentleman who had first married her.

This story has so much the air of fable and romance, that to leave an impression of its truth on the minds of our readers, we shall inform them, that the French lawyers have selected all the famous trials, with the decisions which have been given in their courts for a series of years.

This work, which is contained in several folio volumes, is entitled, "Les Cause Celebres." The above very extraordinary relation is recited therein, together with all the subtile and ingenious arguments used by the opposite advocates for the different husbands. So that there can be little doubt of the truth of a narrative so extremely well authenticated.

AN ESSAY ON IDEAL BEAUTY.

As the female mind is particularly formed to enjoy every work that is distinguished for its taste, beauty, and elegance, there can be no study more deserving their attention than what relates to the sources of the captivating in Art or Nature. And as our greatest pleasures arise more from an ideal than an actual or intrinsic beauty in the objects we admire, the following cursory thoughts upon Ideal Beauty are submitted to their perusal.

From inattention to the various causes of ideal beauty, we are supprised and too often acutely affected at finding that what captivated us at one time, by irresistible attractions, shall at another disgust us with most odious deformities. We never reflect that the object of our admiration owed its greatest beauties to the embellishments bestowed by our own imaginations. Popular partialities most powerfully impel our affections to attach themselves to objects with no other attention to their real or intrinsic merit than to their distinction of character. To this source may be attributed all that admiration of political eminence, military actions, literary productions, and every other work that is the subject of public celebrity. To this may be ascribed that caprice of public opinion which exists no longer than until the ephemeral bubble is dissipated, either by some new object, of general panegyric, by our own impatience for novelty, or by our having found in moments of unprejudiced reason, that what we before praised had no real claims to our applause.

Convenience, inclination, congeniality of temper, circumstances, habits of life, and a sympathy of sentiment, all operate to embellish the objects of our choice with an ideal beauty. The partiality we naturally have for those who possess the power and inclination to serve us heightens their real beauties, gives existence to others, and throws an oblivious veil over their deformities. In all that tend to gratify our passions of love, whether of fame, power, riches, pleasure, or any other object of our desire, our inclination decorates our choice with ideal perfections; for we

can never desire the enjoyment of what is not in our opinion amiably attractive. And in proportion to the energy of our own feelings, our fervid imagination increases the charms by which we are captivated. The pencil of fancy depicts in the most vivid and glowing colours the illusory picture. Not only the object itself, but all that bears to it the least relation, receives an ideal grace from this imaginative painting. If our inclination arises from a personal attachment, we fancy ideal charms in themselves, their manners, their sentiments, or their actions. In our minds, they possess graces, imperceptible to the most acute observance of others. In a word, we are too frequently the dupes of our own fascination. But although many inconveniences arise from the consequence of such ideal deception, yet it is the source of our greatest pleasures and the mitigation of our severest afflictions. By the real beauties of art or nature being thus arrayed with ideal perfection, our pleasures are rendered exquisite and extended. Enjoyment of every excellence that is produced by taste or genius is extended, by this mean, to the pleasure we derive from the acquaintance, notice, or even sight of those who are authors of the works we admire. In all naval and military exploits, the hero is admired for the gallantry of his actions, as well as the politician and civilian for their wisdom and integrity. But our pleasures are not confined by this ideal beauty to their persons and their actions; they extend to the places of their birth, residence, portraits, or whatever may remind us of their distinguished merit. And if these possess no positive beauty, have a relative charm which delights beyond the power of the most frigid stoicism to chill or controul.

DEFENCE OF THE FEMALE CLAIM TO MENTAL EQUALITY.

READING, some time back, in a work (Lavater on Physiognomy) from which I occasionally derive amusement, both from the variety of speculations it contains and causes, I was astonished at a sentence which one of the

pages exhibited, that was to this effect;——"That woman knows not how to *think*: they perceive, can associate ideas, but can go no further."

That Lavater, the religious and philosophic Lavater, should have entertained an opinion so derogatory to the sex, himself, and the Deity, and have reduced them so nearly to a level with the "beasts that perish," threw me into a series of thought on the genius of woman. Woman is a thinking, accountable being, like ourselves. Searching the Scriptures, from the New to the Old Testament, we must be convinced of the truth of this assertion; and we shall there find, that woman was given as a blessing to man, to share his reason, and mitigate his toil. Superior delicacy of organization rendered her incapable of undergoing severe corporeal fatigue, which, indeed, the duties of her station did not require. Dependent on man, on account of her fineness of form, the least he could do would be to protect and support her against outward violence and danger.

Lavater might have learned diffidence in hazarding an assertion from the well-known anecdote of Socrates and Zopyrus, by means of which we may clearly see that intellectual capacity is not so strongly marked upon the countenance as vicious inclinations: hence the reason why we are so much more deceived in our first judgments of the mind than the disposition, when that judgment is formed from visual observation. The operations of vice are violent and severe, leaving marks of desolation and furrows of anxiety in every countenance: reason, on the contrary, moves on silently and calm, giving tranquility within, serenity without; and this serenity may most frequently be mistaken for a mark of incapacity. I believe that I shall run no great hazard in asserting, that, in general, the imperfections of material conformation and crookedness of disposition, probably resulting therefrom, are more strongly depicted in our features, and are more perceptible to our organs, than the gradations, affections, and qualities of mind.

Lavater, perhaps, had not associated much with women in private society; he, probably, knew them only by sight, and formed opinions in his closet, drawn from observations made on them in public. The true character of no one person can be ascertained with certainty through the me-

dium of such observations. When the determinations of the mind are biassed by custom; where sense is deemed madness, and study called folly; where folly is deified as virtue, and virtue ridiculed as ignorance, at a time when fashion makes its deepest impression upon our features, and our whole conduct is regulated by its tyrannic influence, are we to sit for our pictures?——if so, how unreal a likeness will be produced, and how ridiculous an appearance would even the wisest of us exhibit!——But rather let woman be shown to us as she appears fulfilling the circle of domestic occupation; 'tis there she shines conspicuously bright, 'tis there her real character appears, 'tis there her virtues are unfolded, and all her attainments blossom with vigour, and bear fruit in abundance and perfection. She fills with propriety the relative duties of her station——what more can vaunting man do? Conscious of their dependence, see them exerting all their faculties to please us; mild, meek, submissive without servility, and humble without meanness, see them submitting to our direction, not trusting to their own powers. How ungrateful a return we make them: we impose on their humility, we are the source from whence spring all their errors and mischances; and shame is, or ought to be, the portion of our ingratitude!

That woman can think, and deeply, too, we can readily believe, when in running over the instructive pages of history, we are informed, that a learned and polite nation, a people fond of abstract disquisitions and metaphysical researches, had left the schools of far-famed philosophers to seek for better tuition under the auspices of an Aspasia: captivated and listening with rapture to the brilliancy of her elocution, and the depth of her philosophy. When we see the half-deserted philosophers themselves proud to be numbered in the list of her followers, an eloquent Pericles struck with wonder at her powers, and the penetrating genius of a Socrates bending before her for tuition, we are *forced* to believe that woman can *think*. The remains of the inimitable Sappho, the reports of the powers of the sublime Corinna, who vied with, and even received the prize of conquest from the Theban Pindar by her verse, confirm us in our opinion; and in reading the erudite Dacier, and the abstruse Wolstoncraft, we are convinced of the truth of it. From all evidence we are forced to ac-

knowledge, that the contempt for the sex's capacity, expressed by many authors, proceeds either from envy or inattention, for it has not its foundation in truth. I should like to know why the moderns have, in this instance, deviated so widely from the way marked out for them by their tutors, the ancients, in their writings. We observe that truth, justice, wisdom, religion, and every attribute that can dignify humanity, are depicted by female forms; but how does it happen that geniusses otherwise so happy in their allusions should fail in this instance? They seldom make use of weak instruments to work strong purposes; and yet, if women did not really possess the capacity to produce these attributes, they (the ancients) must be accused of folly, in making use of improper symbols to express their notions.

Let us examine the weaknesses and failings of women, we shall find that ignorance is the scource of them; an ignorance not proceeding from want of capacity or penetration, but from want of culture and direction; as a machine of great mechanic force in the hands of a person ignorant of the secret springs which give it motion and effect, is the intellect of woman without proper education. Every man's experience will inform him, that women of cultivated understanding entertain as ready an apprehension of the truth, and as nice a discrimination of the difference of things, as any man of equal education and similar pursuits. Let us ask any man of knowledge and taste, whether he is obliged to descend to folly, and what kind of pleasure he feels in conversing with a well-educated woman. I think he would answer, that all the faculties of his mind are in action, and that the pleasure he feels is such as can be conceived only; for language wants words to express the kind and extent of it.

There is something so lively, so delicate, and so refined, in their manners and expressions, as, without experience, our gross conceptions can give us no idea of. Superior delicacy of organization has given them keener susceptibility of apprehension; all agree, that women possess more ready discernment than men; yet men dive deeper into the recesses of knowledge. The fire exists, the capacity remains, and only wants collision to bring it into ac-

tion:—'tis a right education which must do it, 'tis from that only that we can draw any advantage to ourselves from their powers. If the flint and steel had never come into contact, the fire which they respectively contained would never have appeared, and, if improperly applied, would have been worse than useless. If it was necessary that woman should be learned, in order to fill the circle marked out for her by Providence, she most certainly has the ability to become so; but I wish not to insinuate that knowledge is essential to her, all I wished to establish was, a conviction that woman is a rational companion, fit for the most intelligent being that the Diety has placed in this world; capable of thinking and judging for herself; not a mere machine, though dependent; but a free agent like ourselves, and equally the candidate for Heaven and Eternity!

ON SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY is the rich fountain of the fond endearments, the smiles of life, and all the gentler virtues that sweeten, harmonize, and polish the domestic scene. It is the spring of all the tender sympathies, the soft relentings, the lovely affections that enrich and embellish human nature; that breath a perfume through all the scene of humanity, and shed a celestial lustre upon the moral world.

A disposition like this cannot but inspire the heart with the most refined delight. The sight is an inlet of much pleasure. Inanimate beauty, as displayed in the harmony, simplicity, and magnificence of nature, impresses it with many pleasing sensations. But beauty's living expressions, beauty's breathing images, graceful motions, and glowing forms strike it with more exquisite pleasure still. But, superior even to these, there are immaterial, internal, moral beauties: there are finer, warmer, and more pathetic images: ethereal forms; glowings of the bosom; breathings of the immortal soul. These, the gross animal sight cannot discern. These are only to be contemplated by sensibility, that finer organ of the soul!

How ridiculous then, that proud stoical system that would establish apathy of soul in the room of feeling! That, by steeling the bosom against the soft impressions of humanity, fortifying it with a cold dispassionate indifference against nature's warmer breathings: that by sternly frowning away the feelings of the man, and cramping the generous impulse, would draw a veil over this fine optic of the soul, and obstruct its perceptions of that elegance, refinement, and lustre displayed in moral scenes.

Oh, sensibility! thou favourite of heaven, I enter thy temple with sacred wonder! What a crowd of venerable images is here! what more than human grandeur! what a glory circles the arches! what religion crowns the pillars!

There are many flowers in the vale of life from which sensibility extracts delightful honey. There is a scene, a lovely and a graceful scene; where enthusiasm is hot in every heart, kindles in every eye, and pants in every bosom: where tears are their rapture, silence the eloquence, and virtue the crown of the scene. Illustrious triumph of feeling! delightful jubilee of angel bosoms! glorious meridian of sublunary bliss!

The raptures which sensibility feels are hard to be expressed. They are not the objects of language. Words are blots which disgrace such sensations. Language is dismissed as a needless interpreter. In this mental dialect, souls of different countries, of different worlds, of different systems, may hold converse together. The organs of sense are neither the inlets of their bliss, nor the index of their feelings. The scene is all ethereal. Their souls embrace, their spirits are congenial, their feelings are kindred. The same rapture circulates in every bosom, and the same language speaks in every throb! How do scenes like these triumph over the weak efforts of language? The rapturous throb, the gushing eye, the speechless embrace; these are images which breathless eloquence pants to express; the favourite touches in nature's drama, which spectator angels contemplate with a smile, and crown with a plaudit.

Thus far sensibility triumphs; but when afflictions come does she not feel with proportionate pain? surely, the heart that thus exults in the scenes of joy with such lively feelings, must bleed when adversity stings. Surely, then, in a

world where afflictions reign, a feeling heart must be a curse. Under the mild influence of peace, indeed, sensibility is a smile and a rapture; but when affliction stings the bosom, it is an exquisite agony.

The gentle dove is only a *happy* bird in paradise, the land of gentleness and peace; but in this hostile realm, what is it but a trembling quarry, while birds of prey are hovering round it?

It is true, sensibility has her pangs, and she feels them as keenly as bosom can feel. While others only weep, her gentler nature bleeds. While their bosoms only sigh, her bosom writhes with torture. While other hearts are wrung with agony, her tender heart-strings burst! yet, surely, even this, painful as it is, has more sweetness in it than a tasteless insensibility, a cold and sullen apathy.

Behold yonder aged parent visiting the grave where his departed daughter sleeps: the child of his bosom; the rapture of his heart; the sunshine of his eye, and the crown of his age! See him prostrate on the ground, rolling his distracted head on the hillock of her whose softer bosom was once his pillow. Tears gush over her grave whose filial hand was wont to wipe away the tear from his eye! His heart bleeding over the tomb of her whose smile was the peace of his heart.

The friend approaches; the tender friend; the tear of pity in his eye, and the accent of peace on his lip. He kindly addresses the weeping sufferer; he grasps his hand—the weeping sufferer hears not the voice; he feels not the grasp: enthusiastic imagination has locked him in the coffin of his daughter. Say, does not the mourner love to indulge his grief? Does he not hug his sorrows; Is he not deaf to the soothings of friendship? Is he not deaf to the voice of comfort? The Angel of Peace descends to console him. The friendly spirit whispers peace to his soul; "Hoary mourner," he cries, "I congratulate thee—gentle is thy bosom, and gentleness and peace shall smile within thy heart—heaven crowns thy feelings with a smile, for thy feelings are heaven."

Such is sensibility! such its beauties! such its raptures! such its tears! There are some souls so refined as to look

upon a marble heart as the finest accomplishments of their nature. They have struggled with their feelings, and established an artificial insensibility in their breast; yes, there are some natures, such is the false pride of the world, there are some natures that are ashamed to weep, and when unpolite nature has surprised them, they have blushed at the unfashionable tear.

This is the only blush which disgraces the human face: the blush of modesty is the fair index of merit; and the blush of ingenuous shame is the happy symptom of returning virtue; but a blush like this is inverted humanity, and their guardian angel blushes to behold it. Let little souls: let the jovial sons of pleasure, laugh at a tear: let them ridicule it as the unmanly infirmity of weak and virgin bosoms; as the melancholy delight of solitary, joyless, gloomy souls—Alas! unhappy men! strangers to virtue, strangers to rapture too! famished voluptuaries, they know not the costly luxury of a tear! Professors of Pleasure, mistaken men! ye are wide of its source; the friendly, the gentle hand that will lead you to it. A virtuous tear, what is it? It is the majesty of man: it is the triumph of heroic virtue. An angel need not blush to weep, for a more than angel wept over the grave of a friend.

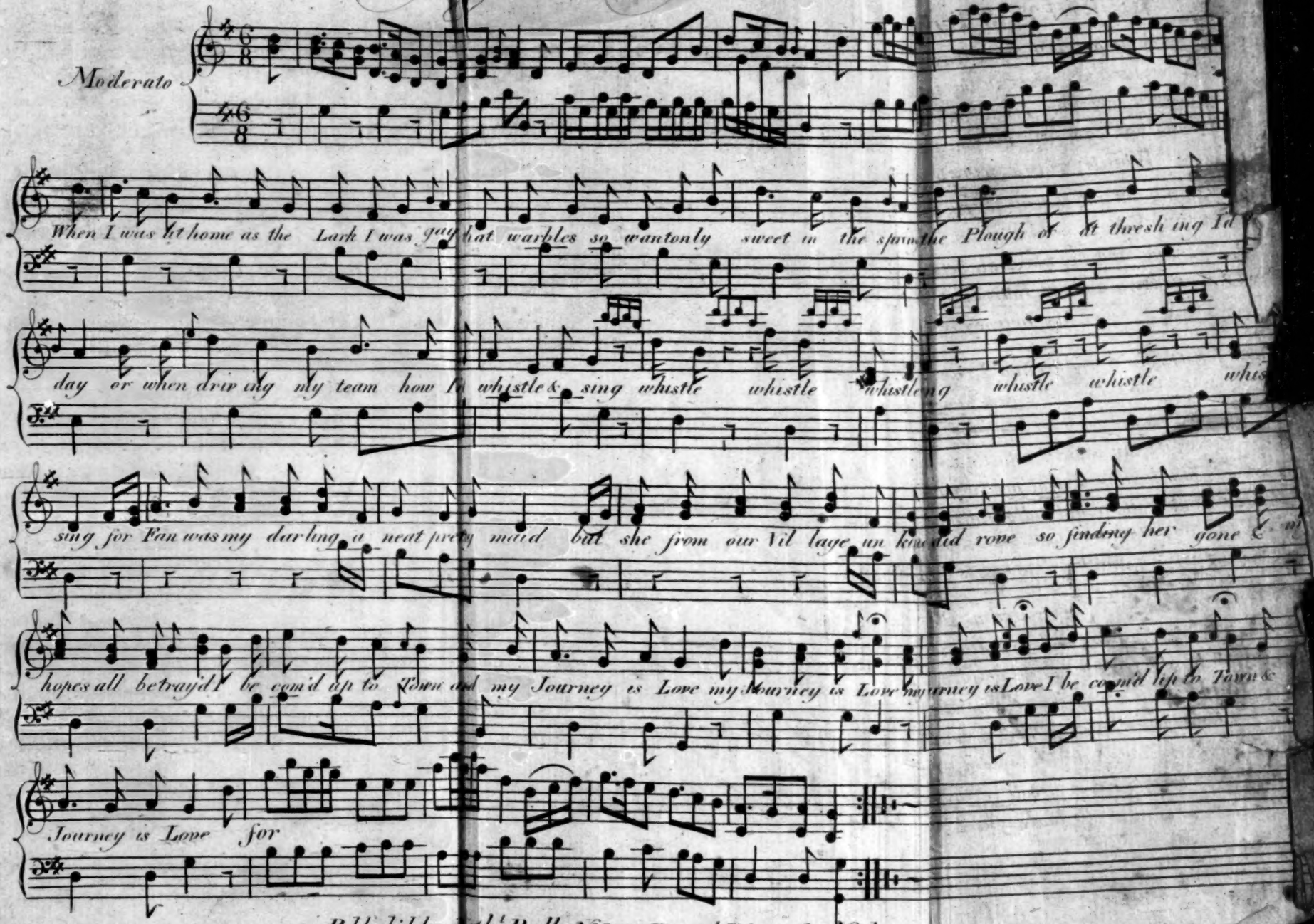
LOVE'S VOCABULARY.

Absence.—HOW dear is my absence from you going to cost me! How tedious will the hours seem!

This signifies precisely, "If I was always with you, my stock of fine speeches would be soon exhausted. I should have nothing new to say to you: when I see you again, you will like me the better

Beau.—A common word to express a medley character of coxcomb and fop; one who makes dress his principal attention, under an utter impossibility of ever succeeding: as may be demonstrated by the following plain syllogism, of which the air of pedantry may be excused for the sake of its justice.

My Journey is Love



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POETRY.

For the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE LATE INTELLIGENCE OF

PEACE IN EUROPE.

HARK! how the distant thunders awful roar;
What dire convulsions shake *Europa's* shore!
War's loud alarms invade her peaceful sky;
On wasted plains a thousand heroes lie;
The smoke of battle thickens on the sight,
And brooding darkness shrouds her world in night.
But while I sing the terrors quick retire;
Pale grows the flash—the thunders harsh expire;
The trembling sun-beam once more finds its way
Through the black cloud, and wakes the ling'ring day.
Tis *Peace*—oh extasy! she comes once more,
To smile propitious on the *eastern* shore.
See commerce mingling in her splendid train,
And agriculture toiling o'er the plain.
Repose walks tiptoe at the Goddess' side,
And forms of horror at her presence glide.
All nature smiles—*man* owns the sway divine,
And jarring nations in sweet concert join.
The *Gallic* vet'ran, skill'd in long-learnt war,
Entwines his laurels with the *British* tar;
The grim fac'd *Hussar* gives to both a smile,
And greets the period that awaits his toil,

Drown'd in one bowl, the cares of grey-grown life,
Their former combats, and their former strife;
Their fierce contentions in ambition's cause
Are lost to mem'ry, and the blissful pause
Is harmony and love. So sleeps the surge,
When boistrous east winds now no longer urge:
The high waves mingle into rest again,
And soft wing'd zephyrs curl the wat'ry plain.
THE *peasant* now resumes his wonted toil,
And fearless tills the long neglected soil.
Old Herbert thus (when one day's work was done,
And rest full welcome hail'd the parting sun;
As his brisk dame the supper quick prepares,)
Address'd the partner of his joys and cares
"My faithful Jenny, what a change we have seen!
"Our sky how tranquil! and our fields how green!
"The noise of arms no more disturb our vale;
"Nor oft renew'd the widow's piteous tale
"Of husband slain—of sons that once were brave,
"Whose early fall surpriz'd th' untimely grave—
"More happy *we*; our boy from war's alarms,
"Will soon return to bless his parents arms:
"Then will he more than pay the sighs and tears,
"The griefs and sorrows of ten anxious years.
"What fond delight will both our bosoms warm,
"As he recounts the vict'ries of his arm!
"In fancy leads us o'er the death strewn plain,
"And calls to mem'ry well fought fields again.
"How will my willing hand the plow-tail guide,
"With long lost *William* lab'ring at my side!
"Or in the softer moments of repose,
"Who better sooth life's last expiring woes?
"The hours we'll give to industry and joy,
"And thank kind heav'n that gave us back our boy.

All hail blest Peace! 'tis *Commerce* bids the hail!
Ride *thou* triumphant in each rising gale,
For lo: the sail that trembled o'er the seas;
Swells now *undaunted* to the fav'ring breeze.
The Bark that silent scarcely left the shore,
Now deeply laden plows wide ocean o'er;
Nor flag blood-stain'd affrights the flying tar,
His portion fetters, or unequal war.
Now from the east, the fertile India pours
Her spicy treasures to expecting shores;
And lands remote, which once unthought of lay,
Shall quickly greet the vent'ring seaman's way.

Hail Peace; once more; 'tis *science* bids thee hail!
Spread wide thy wings, nor let thy blessings fail.
A *Newton* rises to adorn thy reign;
A deathless *Franklin* springs to view again;
To prop the pillars of his country's fame;
To give to *liberty* a more than name;
Or to command the thunders as they fall,
Or wield the light'nings fearless at thy call.
Shall e'er *ambition's* lust of realms unsway'd
Renew the carnage which has just been stay'd?
Must *desolation* once more have her reign,
And clouds and tempests whelm the world again?
Forbid it mild Divinity! do thou
Snatch the vain laurel from th' usurper's brow;
A *lasting* harmony to earth restore,
And hush the billows to be rous'd no more.
All pow'rful God! who from creation's birth,
Hast held the sceptre of obedient earth:
Now to the muse's pray'r propitious bend—
Thou, who when superstition's hell-born fiend
Burst the dark caverns where entomb'd she lay,
And stalk'd forbidding; on th' affrighted day;

When flags wav'd bloody by *her* hand unfurl'd,
And war's loud clarion shook the trembling world;
Bade *reason* triumph---chill'd the warrior's rage,
And gave the grateful earth a golden age.
While woe-worn Europe gladly feels thy ray,
Spread o'er our western climes thy guardian sway.
Protect from anarchy, disease, and war;
The factious *rabble*, or the *despots* car.
Mild as the morning's life bestowing dews,
Wide o'er our land, *religion's* voice diffuse.
Curse not by *infidelity's* rank breath,
Or bold philosophy despiring death;
This favour'd soil.—Be still thy heav'nly care
Enthron'd among us, and be cherish'd there—
So shall the muse; whose breast thy gifts inspire
Wake the bold string to more than human fire;
Low at thy shrine, the vow more ardent rise,
And loftier anthems scale th' etherial skies.

New-Rochelle, Dec. 16, 1801. JUVENIS.

For the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

To the Memory of the late James Church, M. D.

OH thou! whose skill stood foremost in the train,
Of those, whose pleasure was removing pain;
Whose ev'ry effort laudably exprest,
To usher ease, and bring returning rest.
Well may the wretched mourn thy early fate,
And wish thy useful life a longer date:
Yet still the absent, still thy fame shall live,
By what thy deathless Recipes can give;
And prove the shortest, surest road to praise,
Is best acknowledg'd when it stoops to raise.

THE AFFECTIONATE HEART.

"LET the great man, his treasures possessing,
Pomp and splendour for ever attend:
I prize not the shadowy blessing,
I ask—the affectionate friend.

Tho' foibles may sometimes o'ertake him,
His footstep from wisdom depart;
Yet, my spirit shall never forsake him,
If he own the affectionate heart.

Affection! thou soother of care,
Without thee unfriended we rove;
Thou canst make e'en the desert look fair,
And thy voice is the voice of the dove.

Mid the anguish that preys on the breast,
And the storms of mortality's state;
What shall lull the afflicted to rest,
But the joys that on sympathy wait?

What is fame, bidding Envy defiance,
The idol and bane of mankind,
What is wit, what is learning, or science,
To the heart that is stedfast and kind?

Even genius may weary the sight,
By too fierce and too constant a blaze:
But affection, mild planet of night!
Grows lovelier the longer we gaze.

It shall thrive when the flattering forms,
That encircle creation decay;
It shall live mid the wide-wasting storms,
That bear all undistinguish'd away.

When time, at the end of his race,
Shall expire with expiring mankind;
It shall stand on its permanent base;
It shall last till the wreck of the *mind*."

AN ADDRESS TO VIRTUE

AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

COME thou dear majestic form,
VIRTUE fair! my bosom warm;
Guide my footsteps by thy ray,
To eternal scenes of day;
May thy precepts be my care,
Ever pure and ever fair;
By thee directed I shall rise
To joys unknown, above the skies;
By *thee* assisted, I shall find,
A soft composure in my mind;
A never failing source of joy,
Which earthly things cannot destroy:
Descend, thou goddess, heav'n-born truth!
And guide my inexperienc'd youth,
A spark of thy celestial ray
Shall drive my gloomy fears away;
Thy beauteous lamp my feet shall guide,
And bear me up against the tide
Of all my foes, combin'd in one,
For none can overthrow thy throne;
Thy promises are EVER sure,
Thyself FOR EVER shall endure;
While angel seraphs sound thy praise,
Encircled in celestial rays;
In *their* employment I shall join,
And celebrate thy name divine;
Through scenes of joy FOR EVER rove,
And *all my work* be *praise* and *love*.

American Intelligence.

MESSAGE

OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES TO BOTH HOUSES OF CONGRESS.

December 8, 1801.

SIR,

THE circumstances under which we find ourselves at this place rendering inconvenient the mode heretofore practised, of making by personal address the first communications between the Legislature and Executive branches, I have adopted that by Message, as used on all subsequent occasions through the session. In doing this, I have had principal regard to the convenience of the legislature, to the economy of their time, to their relief from the embarrassment of immediate answers, on subjects not yet fully before them, and to the benefits thence resulting to the public affairs.—Trusting that a procedure, founded in these motives, will meet their approbation, I beg leave, through you, Sir, to communicate the inclosed message with the documents accompanying it, to the honorable the House of Representatives, and pray you to accept, for yourself and them, the homage of my high respect and consideration.

THO. JEFFERSON.

The Honorable the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives,

IT is a circumstance of sincere gratification to me, that on meeting the great council of the nation, I am able to announce to them on grounds of reasonable certainty, that the wars and troubles, which have for so many years afflicted

our sister nations, have at length come to an end; and that the communications of peace and commerce are once more opening among them. Whilst we devoutly return thanks to the beneficent being who has been pleased to breathe into them the spirit of reconciliation and forgiveness, we are bound, with peculiar gratitude, to be thankful to him that our own peace has been preserved through so perilous a season, and ourselves permitted quietly to cultivate the earth, and to practise and improve those arts which tend to increase our comforts. The assurances indeed of friendly disposition received from all the powers with whom we have principal relations, had inspired a confidence that our peace with them would not have been disturbed. But a cessation of the irregularities which had afflicted the commerce of neutral nations, and of the irritations and injuries produced by them, cannot but add to this confidence; and strengthens at the same time, the hope that wrongs committed on unoffending friends, under a pressure of circumstances, will now be reviewed with candor, and will be considered as founding just claims of retribution for the past, and new assurances for the future.

Among our Indian neighbours also, a spirit of peace and friendship generally prevails; and I am happy to inform you that the continued efforts to introduce among them the implements and the practice of husbandry, and of the household arts, have not been without success:—That they are become more and more sensible of the superiority of this dependence for clothing and subsistance, over the precarious resources of hunting and fishing: And already we are enabled to announce that, instead of that constant diminution of numbers produced by their wars and their wants, some of them begin to experience an increase of population.

To this state of general peace with which we have been blessed, one only exception exists. Tripoli, the least considerable of the Barbary states, had come forward with demands unfounded either in right or compact, and had permitted itself to denounce war, on our failure to comply before a given day. The style of the demand admitted but one answer. I sent a small squadron of frigates into the Mediterranean, with assurances to that power of our sincere desire to remain in peace; but with orders to protect

our commerce against the threatened attack. The measure was seasonable and salutary. The Bey had already declared war in form. His cruisers were out. Two had arrived at Gibraltar. Our commerce in the Mediterranean was blockaded; and that of the Atlantic in peril. The arrival of our squadron dispelled the danger. One of the Tripolitan cruisers having fallen in with and engaged the small schooner Enterprize, commanded by Lieutenant Sterret, which had gone out as a tender to our larger vessels, was captured, after a heavy slaughter of her men, without the loss of a single one on our part. The bravery exhibited by our citizens on that element will, I trust, be a testimony to the world, that it is not a want of that virtue which makes us seek their peace; but a conscientious desire to direct the energies of our nation to the multiplication of the human race; and not to its destruction. Unauthorized by the Constitution, without the sanction of Congress, to go beyond the line of defence, the vessel being disabled from committing further hostilities, was liberated with its crew. The legislature will doubtless consider whether, by authorizing measures of offence also, they will place our force on an equal footing with that of its adversaries. I communicate all material information on this subject, that in the exercise of the important function, confided by the constitution to the legislature exclusively, their judgment may form itself on a knowledge and consideration of every circumstance of weight.

I wish I could say that our situation with all the other Barbary states was entirely satisfactory. Discovering that some delays had taken place in the performance of certain articles stipulated by us, I thought it my duty, by immediate measures for fulfilling them, to vindicate to ourselves the right of considering the effect of departure from stipulation on their side. From the papers which will be laid before you, you will be enabled to judge whether our treaties are regarded by them as fixing at all the measure of their demands, or as guarding against the exercise to force our vessels within their power; and to consider how far it will be safe and expedient to leave our affairs with them in their present posture.

I lay before you the result of the census lately taken of

our inhabitants, to a conformity with which we are to reduce the ensuing rates of representation and taxation. You will perceive that the encrease of numbers, during the last ten years, proceeded in geometrical ratio, promises a duplication in little more than twenty-two years. We contemplate this rapid growth, and the prospect it holds up to us, not with a view to the injuries it may enable us to do to others in some future day, but to the settlement of the extensive country still remaining vacant within our limits, to the multiplication of men, susceptible of happiness, educated in the love of order, habituated to self-government, and valuing its blessings above all price.

Other circumstances, combined with the increase of numbers, have produced an augmentation of revenue arising from consumption, in a ratio far beyond that of population alone; and though the changes in foreign relations, now taking place so desirably for the whole world, may for a season affect this branch of revenue, yet, weighing all probabilities of expence, as well as of income, there is reasonable ground of confidence that we may now safely dispense with all the internal taxes, comprehending excises, stamps, auctions, licences, carriages and refined sugars: to which the postage on newspapers may be added to facilitate the progress of information: and that the remaining sources of revenue will be sufficient to provide for the support of government, to pay the interest of the public debts, and to discharge the principals in shorter periods than the laws, or the general expectation had contemplated. War, indeed, and untoward events may change this prospect of things, and call for expences which the imposts could not meet. But sound principles will not justify our taxing the industry of our fellow citizens to accumulate treasure for wars to happen we know not when, and which might not perhaps, happen, but from the temptation offered by that treasure.

These views, however, of reducing our burthens, are formed on the expectation, that a sensible, and at the same time, a salutary reduction may take place in our habitual expenditures. For this purpose, those of the civil government, the army and navy, will need revisal. When we consider that this government is charged with the ex-

ternal and mutual relations only of these states; that the states themselves have principal care of our persons, our property, and our reputation; constituting the great field of human concerns, we may well doubt whether our organization is not too complicated, too expensive; whether offices and officers have not been multipled unnecessarily, and some times injuriously to the service they were meant to promote. I will cause to be laid before you an essay towards a statement, of those who, under public employment of various kinds, draw money from the treasury, or from our citizens. Time has not permitted a perfect enumeration, the ramifications of office being too multiplied and remote, to be compleatly traced in a first trial.—Among those who are dependant on executive discretion, I have begun the reduction of what was deemed unnecessary. The expences of diplomatic agency have been considerably diminished. The inspectors of the internal revenue, who were found to obstruct the accountability of the institution, have been discontinued.—Several agencies, created by executive authority, on salaries fixed by that also, have been suppressed, and should suggest the expediency of regulating that power by law, so as to subject its exercises to legislative inspection and sanction. Other reformations of the same kind will be pursued, with that caution which is requisite, in removing useless things, not to injure what is retained." But the great mass of public offices are established by law, and therefore, by law alone can be abolished. Should the legislature think it expedient to pass this roll in review, and to try all its parts by the test of public utility, they may be assured of every aid and light which executive information can yield. Considering the general tendency to multiply offices and dependencies, and to increase expence, to the ultimate term of burthen which the citizens can bear, it behoves us to avail ourselves of every occasion which presents itself for taking off the surcharge that it never may be seen here, that, after leaving to labour the smallest portion of its earnings on which it can subsist, government shall itself consume the residue of what it was instituted to guard.

In our care too of the public contributions entrusted to our direction, it would be prudent to multiply barriers against their dissipation, by appropriating specific sums to

every specific purpose susceptible of definition: by disallowing all applications of money varying from the appropriation in object or transcending it in amount: by reducing the undefined field of contingencies, and thereby circumscribing discretionary powers over money; and by bringing back to a single department all accountabilities for money, where the examination may be prompt, efficacious and uniform.

An account of the receipts and expenditures of the last year as prepared by the secretary of the Treasury, will, as usual, be laid before you. The success which has attended the late sales of the public lands shews that, with attention, they may be made an important source of receipt. Among the payments, those made in discharge of the principal and interest of the national debt, will shew that the public faith has been exactly maintained. To these will be added an estimate of appropriations necessary for the ensuing year. This last will, of course be affected by such modifications of the system of expence as you shall think proper to adopt.

A statement has been formed by the secretary at war, on mature consideration of all the posts and stations where garrisons will be expedient, and of the number of men requisite for each garrison. The whole amount is considerably short of the present military establishment. For the surplus no particular use can be pointed out. For defence against invasion, their number is as nothing; nor is it considered needful or safe that a standing army should be kept up in time of peace, for that purpose. Uncertain as we must ever be of the particular point in our circumference where an enemy may chuse to invade us, the only force which can be ready at every point, and competent to oppose them, is the body of neighboring citizens, as formed into a militia. On these collected from the parts most convenient, in numbers proportioned to the invading force, it is best to rely not only to meet the first attack, but if it threatens to be permanent, to maintain the defence until regulars may be engaged to relieve them.

These considerations render it important that we should, at every session, continue to amend the defects, which from time to time shew themselves, in the laws for regu-

lating the militia, until they are sufficiently perfect: nor should we now, or at any time, separate, until we can say we have done every thing for the militia, which we could do, were an enemy at our door.

The provision of military stores on hand will be laid before you, that you may judge of the additions still requisite.

With respect to the extent to which our naval preparations should be carried, some difference of opinion may be expected to appear: but just attention to the circumstances of every part of the union will doubtless reconcile all.—A small force will probably continue to be wanted, for actual service, in the Mediterranean. Whatever annual sum beyond that you may think proper to appropriate to naval preparations, would perhaps be better employed in providing those articles which may be kept without waste or consumption, and be in readiness when any exigence calls them into use. Progress has been made, as will appear by papers now communicated, in providing materials for seventy-four gun ships as directed by law.

How far the authority given by the legislature for procuring and establishing sites for naval purposes, has been perfectly understood and pursued in the execution, admits of some doubt. A statement of the expences already incurred on that subject shall be laid before you. I have in certain cases, suspended or slackened these expenditures, that the legislature might determine whether so many yards are necessary as have been contemplated. The works at this place are among those permitted to go on; and five of the seven frigates directed to be laid up, have been brought and laid up here, where, besides the safety of their position, they are under the eye of the executive administration, as well as of its agents, and where yourselves also will be guided by your own view, in the legislative provisions respecting them, which may from time to time be necessary. They are preserved in such condition, as well the vessels as whatever belongs to them, as to be at all times ready for sea on a short warning. Two others are yet to be laid up, so soon as they shall have received the repairs requisite to put them also into sonnd condition. As a superintending officer will be necessary at each yard, his duties and emolu-

ments, hitherto fixed by the Executive, will be a more proper subject of legislation. A communication will also be made of our progress in the execution of the law respecting the vessels directed to be sold.

The fortifications of our harbours, more or less advanced, present considerations of great difficulty, while some of them are on a scale sufficiently proportioned to the advantages of their position, to the efficacy of their protection, and the importance of the points within it, others are so extensive, will cost so much in their first erection, so much in their maintenance, and require such a force to garrison them, as to make it questionable what is best now to be done. A statement of those commenced or projected, of the expences already incurred, and estimates of their future cost, as far as can be foreseen, shall be laid before you, that you may be enabled to judge whether any alteration is necessary to the laws respecting this subject.

Agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and navigation, the four pillars of our prosperity, are then most thriving, when left most free to individual enterprize. Protection from casual embarrassments, however, may sometimes be seasonably interposed. If in the course of your observations or enquiries, they should appear to need any aid, within the limits of our constitutional powers, your sense of their importance is a sufficient assurance they will occupy your attention. We cannot, indeed, but all feel an anxious solicitude for the difficulties under which our carrying trade will soon be placed. How far it can be relieved, otherwise than by time, is a subject of important consideration.

The judiciary system of the United States, and especially that portion of it recently erected, will of course, present itself to the contemplation of Congress; and that they may be able to judge of the proportion which the institution bears to the business it has to perform, I have caused to be procured from the several states, and now lay before Congress, an exact statement of all the causes decided since the first establishment of the courts, and of those which were depending when additional courts and judges were brought into their aid.

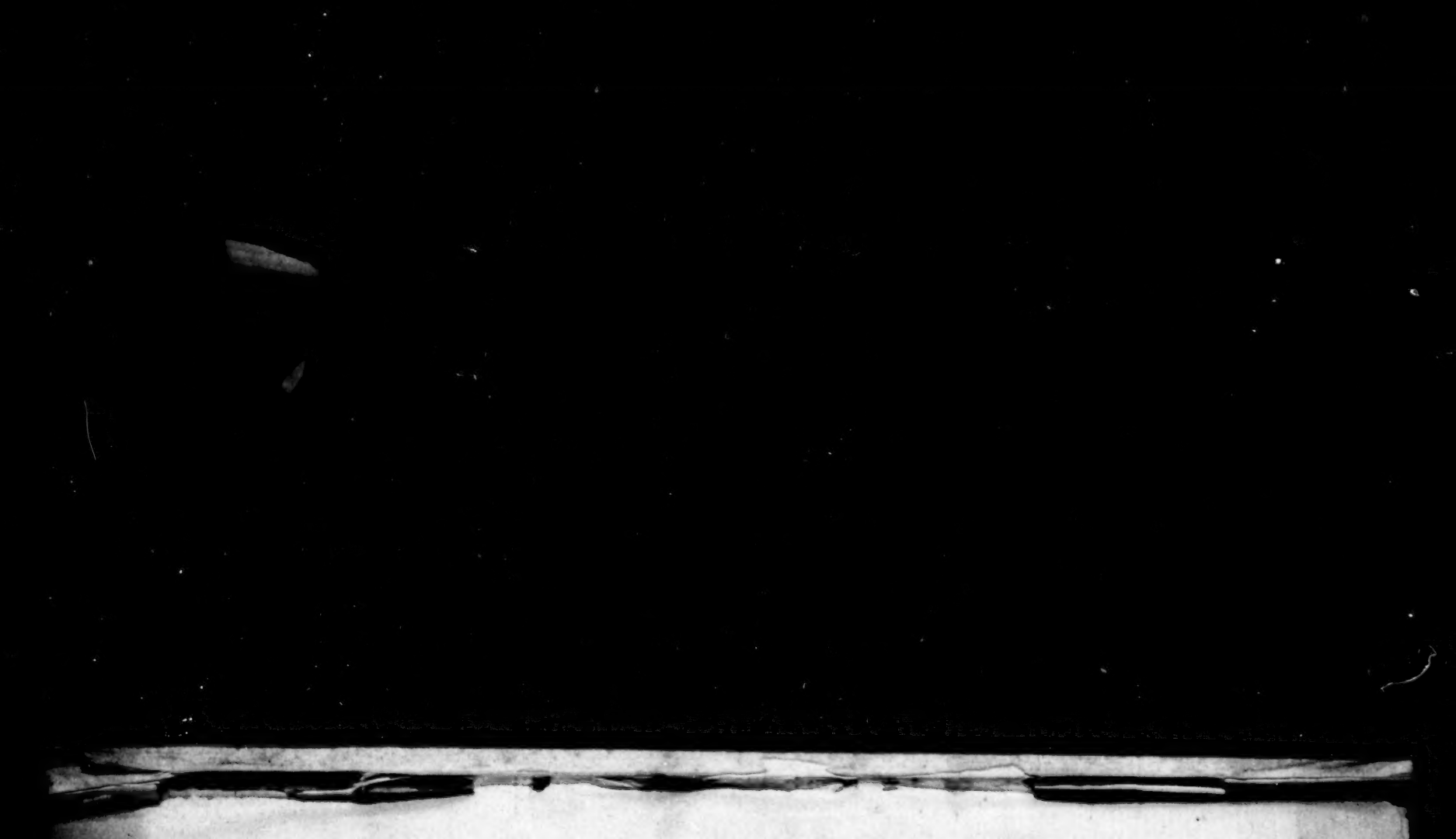
And while on the judiciary organization, it will be worthy your consideration whether the protection of the inestimable institution of juries has been extended to all the ca-

ses involving the security of our persons and property. Their impartial selection also being essential to their value, we ought further to consider whether that is sufficiently secured in those states, where they are named by a marshal depending on executive will, or designated by the court, or by officers dependent on them.

I cannot omit recommending a revisal of the laws on the subject of naturalization.———Considering the ordinary chances of human life, a denial of citizenship under a residence of fourteen years is a denial to a great proportion of those who ask it; and controuls a policy pursued, from their first settlement, by many of these states, and still believed of consequence to their prosperity. And shall we refuse to the unhappy fugitives from distress, that hospitality which the savages of the wilderness extended to our fathers arriving in this land? Shall oppressed humanity find no asylum on this globe? The Constitution, indeed, has wisely provided that, for admission to certain offices of important trust, a residence shall be required, sufficient to develope character and design. But might not the general character and capabilities of a citizen be safely communicated to every one manifesting a *bona fida* purpose of embarking his life and fortunes permanently with us? with restrictions, perhaps to guard against the fraudulent usurpation of our flag; an abuse which brings so much embarrassment and loss on the genuine citizen, and so much danger to the nation of being involved in war, that no endeavour should be spared to suppress it.

These, fellow-citizens, are the matters respecting the state of the nation, which I have thought of importance to be submitted to your consideration at this time. Some others of less moment, or not yet ready for communication will be the subject of separate messages. I am happy in this opportunity of committing the arduous affairs of our government to the collected wisdom of the union. Nothing shall be wanting on my part to inform, as far as in my power, the legislative judgment; nor to carry that judgment into faithful execution. The prudence and temperance of your discussions will promote, within your own walls, that conciliation which so much befriends rational conclusion; and by its example, will encourage among our constituents that progress of opinion which is tending to unite them in

object and in will. That all should be satisfied with any one order of things is not to be expected; but I indulge the pleasing persuasion, that the great body of our citizens will cordially concur in honest and disinterested efforts, which have for their object to preserve the general and state governments in their constitutional form and equilibrium; to maintain peace abroad, and order and obedience to the laws at home; to establish principles and practices of administration favourable to the security of liberty and property, and to reduce expences to what is necessary for the useful purposes of government.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

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